



Good
Values.

We have sold more Jackets, Golf and Plain Capes with Collarettes and Skirts than we ever sold in one season in Rhinelander and yet the season is not past. We have a pretty good assortment yet and the price is lower.

They are

Joseph Beifeld & Co.'s

Celebrated Tailor made
and the celebrated

"Ruth"
Skirts,

Remember these
goods are good and
very low. Now's the
time to make a selection



SPAFFORD & COLE,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

It will soon be time for the

Heavy Overcoats,

even though the weather has been mild of late.

We Have the Goods

to make up into stylish garments and would like to have you step in and see how nicely we can fit you out if you are in the market for a Box Coat or Ulster.

THE PRICE WILL BE NO OBSTACLE,
Stop in see the imported and domestic cloths.

A. C. DANIELSON, Tailor,

217 Brown Street,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

JARDINIERS,

Handsome ones, the \$1.00 kind, this week for

64 cts.

Special Prices on all Jardinieres in stock to close them out. 20 per cent. discount.

LAMPS, a fine line,

An exceptionally fine line at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$12.00. Call and see them.

PORTLAND CUTTERS,

A carload, more or less, just received. We offer them at special prices to move them.

LEWIS HDW. CO.

Merchants State Bank Building,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

THE NEW ARMORY IS RHINELANDER'S PRIDE

BUILT BY LOCAL MEMBERS OF WISCONSIN NATIONAL GUARD.

Dimensions of the Building are 52x135 Feet—Largest Structure of the Kind in the State With a Single Exception—The Grand Achievement is the Result of Push—To Be Completed March 1st.

The Rhinelander members of the National Guard and the public spirited citizens who have loaned financial assistance in the building of the new armory in this city are to be congratulated upon their grand achievement. The effort made by the young men comprising the company, shows plainly that they are made of the right kind of material and the encouragement shown and assistance extended them, displays a spirit of appreciation among our citizens which has no equal in any city in the state. The new home for our company is not only a credit to its members but the entire city and Oneida county. The structure which will grace our city is a monument to the energetic efforts of these young men and shows what push coupled with business qualities can do when there is a united effort put forth to accomplish a purpose.

The Company Makes a Record. No newspaper article with limited space can do the manifest enterprise justice. The building, though partially completed, gives evidence of being all that they intended it should be—one of the best armories in the Badger state. Aside from the one at Madison, which is for the university regiment, Rhinelander's when completed will be the largest in the state, the dimensions being 52x135 feet. Just think of it! A city with scarcely six thousand inhabitants, possessing the largest armory proper in the state, with a single exception. The citizens of the city are proud of it and are equally proud of their company, which has made the best record ever gained, having been organized just a trifle over a year.

At any time, small groups of admirers can be observed viewing the building as the work of its erection progresses. A stranger arriving in the city is ushered to the scene by some local enthusiastic friend. They are proud of the same and have just reason to point with pride to it.

Contractor Rushing the Work. The architect is August Horn, proprietor of the Oneida House, of this city, while the mechanical work is under the superintendency of Frank Bibby, who secured the contract, and with a competent crew of carpenters, is rushing the work as fast as possible, the contract calling for the completion of the building on the first of March next, a date which the boys are anxiously awaiting.

The building will be heated throughout by steam, a boiler for supplying the same and hot water for three shower bath rooms, to be placed in the basement. There will also be several closets and a good cement floor. There will be two entrances, one from the main entrance on the ground floor and one from the north-west corner of the building on the outside.

The first floor is exceptionally well arranged. The front part is divided into four rooms with closets and a main entrance 5x7 feet. The equipment room will be 21x31 feet in the rear with sixty-five individual lockers, where the boys can keep the creases in their trousers and other equipment properly cared for. This room will also be used for drilling the "awkward squads," better known as recruits. There will also be a check room and ticket office 7x15 feet; a great convenience for public entertainments. The officers' room is 10x16 feet. In drawing the plans the ladies were not overlooked by any means, for a reception room 11x15 feet is provided for them.

To Have a Modern Drill Hall. The drill hall is the best of all. Its dimensions are 52x101 feet in the clear, with a 25 foot ceiling. The floor will be of the best maple. Imagine such a hall for dancing, truly an ideal ball room. A walk twice around the hall would be equal to two blocks in length. It will cause more frequent of the heard plaint "I'm so tired." Twice around boys and we can see your finish.

Above the first floor there will be a banquet hall 20x24 feet and off from this a kitchen 13x22 feet. Off from the banquet hall there two exclusive rooms for the quartermaster. In front of these rooms, facing the drill hall, there will be a gallery for spectators, 11x52 feet, which will seat upwards of two hundred people. This is provided, as one of the members of the company says, to keep wall flowers off the floor when dancing is being indulged in, which is a nuisance at the average dance.

Will Have a First-Class Gymnasium. The members of the company are planning on having a first-class gymnasium in the drill hall and will purchase all the necessary paraphernalia. This feature the boys are showing good judgment in taking up. Such amusement is of the best and most advantageous and will afford amusement to while away much of their time that might be spent, well, otherwise. Later they contemplate securing the services of an able physical director to assist them, but for the present will be under the tutelage of members of the company who have had considerable experience in athletics.

The new armory opens the way for the citizens of Rhinelander to exert themselves in securing conventions of various kinds, which we could now easily handle, having all the necessary accommodations. Here is an opportunity for the members of every secret society in the city to begin the agitation. The question is always asked when an attempt is made to land a convention: "What are your accommodations?" We have them, hotel included. The New North man recently came from a city which has been successful as a convention town, where during the past summer no less than eighteen were held and is in a position to know the benefits such gatherings are to the successful city chosen. Rhinelander can do the same.

JOINED IN HYMNICAL BONDS.

Holmbo-Wold Nuptials Solemnized at Norwegian Church, Saturday.

Last Saturday evening at 7:20 o'clock at the Norwegian church, Miss Justine Holmbo and Arvid Wold were joined in hymnical bonds, the nuptial knot being tied by Rev. J. B. Reinertson, pastor of the church. The ceremony, which was pretty but simple, was solemnized in the presence of a large gathering of the friends and relatives of the happy pair. The groom is a mill workman in this city and is a young man well and favorably known. The bride is a popular north side young lady. The friends of the contracting parties join in extending best wishes and congratulations and wish them a happy journey down the long pathway of life yet before them.

DIES FROM HIS INJURIES

Remains of Geo. Terry Interred Sunday—Mrs. B. S. Miller Summoned Beyond—T. B. Walsh Dead.

The many friends of Geo. Terry were pained to learn of his demise which occurred at St. Mary's hospital at an early hour last Friday morning, the result of a gun shot wound received while out hunting three weeks ago. After the accident happened, Mr. Terry was obliged to ride several miles in sitting position with his injured foot resting on the bottom of the wagon box, before he received medical assistance. An operation was performed but blood poison set in a week later, from which time he gradually failed until death came to his relief.

Mr. Terry had been a carpenter by trade and had been a resident of the city for nine years. He was universally well liked and his death came as a severe shock to his many friends. He was preceded in death a year ago by his wife, by the side of whose remains in Forest Home cemetery the body of Mr. Terry was interred last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. B. S. Miller, aged seventy-nine years, departed from this stream Wednesday, last week, after an illness of only a few days' duration, with gastritis. The deceased and her husband came to this city last spring to make their home with their son, S. S. Miller, where the sad death occurred. During these few months, Mrs. Miller made a host of friends who are pained by the sudden departure from life and who sympathize with the grief stricken husband and three children, S. S. Miller, of this city, E. E. Miller, of Wausau, and Mrs. C. V. Bardeen, of Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller recently visited Madison, their former home. When they arrived home, Mrs. Miller was apparently enjoying good health but when attacked, soon succumbed.

Deceased was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison county, N. Y., December 18, 1820, and was married to Benjamin S. Miller at the family home in Brookfield, December 25, 1846. They removed to Wisconsin in April, 1849, and settled in the town of Christian, Dane county, moving from there to Wausau in 1881, since which time they were residents of that city until last spring, when they moved to this city.

The funeral was held from the home last Friday afternoon, Rev. Geo. H. Kemp, former pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. The remains were laid to rest in Forest Home cemetery.

T. B. Walsh. The death of T. B. Walsh, of Iron River, formerly of Eagle River, came as a shock to his many friends and acquaintances here. Mr. Walsh was formerly chairman of the Oneida county board of supervisors and one of Eagle River's leading business men. His career at Iron River as a lawyer was successful, and his early demise carries away a figure which would have been felt in his locality.

Here's One on "Sheep."

The editor of the Wausau Record springs the following joke on Gene Shepard, of this city, who is so contented that he can appreciate it.

"There is only one man in the world who can capture Aquinaldo, and the sooner President McKinley sends that man to the Philippines the sooner the peripatetic capital will be located and the opera-house president eagle. That man is Gene Shepard, of Rhinelander, the only man who ever succeeded in capturing a booby. Gene employed chloroform in his memorable battle with the booby, and it is clear that he has the genius to devise ways and means to trace and capture the leader of the Tagal rebellion."

Mrs. A. J. Lytle was the guest of Antigo friends last week.

THE MERRILL CHIEF ARRESTS JOE CROWE

CHARGED WITH TAKING A PAUPER INTO LINCOLN COUNTY.

Result of His Mission of Charity in Taking L. J. Snow to the Mercy Hospital—It Is Evident They Have the Wrong Man—Local Officer to Appear Before a Municipal Judge on the 27th Inst.

Chief of Police Joe Crowe's mission of charity in taking L. J. Snow to the Mercy hospital at Merrill is one that he is not apt to forget very soon, especially the Merrill chief who figured very conspicuously in the raid on the local chief of the blue coat force received while at the Lincoln county metropolis. It was a raw deal, very raw, in which the Merrill officer laid bare his marble heart and cold shoulder.

Shady Proceeding in Making Arrest. Mr. Crowe, before leaving Rhinelander, dated his star, thus taking the object of pity to Merrill as a common every day citizen and not as an officer of the law nor vested with any authority, simply accompanying the unfortunate sufferer from a sense of sympathy. Chief Godfrey was not inclined to look at the matter in that light or sympathetic vein and was the cause of Mr. Crowe's arrest on the charge of taking a pauper into Lincoln county. The manner in which he proceeded to "show his authority" was a trifle shady to say the least and leads us to believe that God never ordained him for the Pinkerton force. Godfrey proceeded with his arrest about like this: Meeting Mr. Crowe in Gilkey & Anson's lumber yard, the wise Merrill guardian of the law broke the news to him gently, telling him that District Attorney Smith wished to see him, not intimating what the object of the interview was, but upon their arrival at the office a warrant was served on Chief Crowe, who was taken before Municipal Judge Helms. The case was adjourned till the 27th inst., bail being fixed at \$20, which was a snap for Mr. Crowe to furnish. He was asked if he could give bail for the amount, when he replied, "yes, \$50,000 if necessary." The names of prominent Merrills mentioned who would gladly come to his assistance, rather took a fall out of the wise (?) officer and their prisoner was released on his own recognizance.

The details of Snow's unpleasant experience have been fully covered by The New North. The matter now being debated is whether he belongs to Oneida or Lincoln county and time will no doubt prove that it is the latter.

Story as Told by Mr. Snow. In an interview with a representative of the Merrill News, Snow told the following story:

"I had been at work in O'Day & Daly's camp near Rhinelander, and on Wednesday, Nov. 1, laid off to hunt. Wednesday morning, the 1st, I left for Rhinelander to get some supplies, cartridges, etc., and I also got some alcohol for a German. I started back for camp and either I got tired and the alcohol heavy, or the alcohol got tired and I got heavy for I began to drink of it. I don't know how much I drank, in fact, don't remember anything further until picked up by Chief of Police Crowe. I was taken to the county house in Rhinelander and though I told them my feet were awful sore, they paid no attention to me and told me to get out the next day. I hung around for a day or two and while in the jail cell off my shoe-packs, as my feet had swollen. The officers, aware that I had a ticket on the Mercy Hospital, asked me if I wanted to come here. I said, I don't care, send me some place where I can get treatment, and here I am. I hope I won't lose my feet for I have a score or two to settle at Rhinelander. I think my feet were frost bitten while I laid out those three days."

Crowe Explains Matters a Few. Mr. Crowe's story to the representative of the News was in substance as follows:

"When found, Snow was taken to town and to shorten a long story, on Monday he was given a ticket to Merrill by the poor commissioner, and as he was too alone, and being unable to walk, I remonstrated and said he should have an attendant. When they wouldn't send anyone, I took off my star and came with him just for charity sake, for he could not move without assistance, and if Lincoln county officials want to get after anyone for bringing a pauper here, they want to get after the county board and poor commissioner of Oneida county, for I did not come in any official capacity, nor was I sent down, and in me they have got the wrong man."

The management of the Merrill hospital protested against taking Snow in, claiming that the ticket bears a clause stating that a holder is not entitled to admittance who contracts illness through drunkenness. The attention of the poor commissioner of Lincoln county was then called to the matter and he made complaint to the district attorney there, thus the warrant for Chief Crowe's arrest.

The result of the case will be awaited with interest and to use Crowe's own term, we think "they have got the wrong man."

YENKES EXCLUDED FROM CAMPS.

A Merrill Correspondent's View of the Barring of the Fakirs.

The Merrill correspondent for the

Mississippi Valley Lumberman speaks as follows of the barring of fakirs from the logging camps of northern Wisconsin:

For years past the lumber camps have been fruitful pastures for all kinds of vendors, but especially have jewelers, tailors and beggars done a lucrative business with the "lumber jacks." This is about all at an end. Langley & Alderson decided this fall to exclude from their camps all kinds of traveling merchants, and other loggers have followed suit and the merchants will have to await the boys' homecoming in the spring. Hospital tickets will be kept in camp and sold to all who want them; but no hospital agent even will be allowed to intrude upon the lumber boys.

CANDERS HAD A MERRY TIME.

Foresters Fourth Annual Ball a Great Social and Financial Success.

The New Grand opera house was the scene of a very pretty and enjoyable social function last Friday evening, the affair being the fourth annual ball given under the auspices of the Catholic Order of Foresters. It was participated in by upwards of one hundred couples, everyone enjoying the few hours in a most pleasant manner and all are loud in their praise of the efforts by the committees in charge, which were faultlessly carried out. The music was furnished by Bruno Bros.' orchestra.

E. L. Woodruff, of the Woodruff & Magnite Co., Blackford, Ill., was in the city on business, connected with their extensive logging interests, the latter part of last week.

A WORTHY MOVEMENT.

The Decoration of Public Schools Throughout the Country is Receiving Special Attention.

Among the many movements tending toward the improvement of the public schools, there is one that is receiving special attention by our educators throughout the country. It is the movement to fit up our school rooms a little more attractively by tinting the walls and displaying upon them pictures, casts, etc., suitable for school room decoration. The teachers' clubs and the women's clubs of Chicago, and of Milwaukee, have already accomplished a great deal in relieving the barren walls of the ordinary school rooms, and some of the rooms are very tastefully decorated. As noted a short time ago in this paper, the teachers of our city schools have taken up this matter of decoration and are working hard to make our school rooms pleasant and attractive.

The life of a child is profoundly affected by the things it learns to like or dislike. And yet the education of the susceptibility of the child has been overlooked in the desire to fill him full of knowledge as soon as possible, and so these schools have educated but one side of the child. The art movement is but a part of the movement to educate the whole child—body, intellect, feelings and will. Hence the value of drawing, music, and art study.

For some weeks, Prof. F. S. Hyer has been in correspondence with the E. E. Burt Co., of Minneapolis, who have a practical plan for promoting an interest among teachers and school patrons. In co-operation with the school they give an art exhibit. The schools receive a liberal part of the proceeds of the sales made during the exhibit and all of the proceeds from the sale of admission tickets. Mr. Burt wrote Mr. Hyer this week that the exhibit will be here Saturday, Dec. 2nd. It is hoped that all who are interested in the advancement of our schools will bear the date in mind and give their financial support.

MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

John Swedberg's Left Arm Badly Lacerated Last Wednesday Morning.

John Swedberg, night foreman at the Brown-Robbins Lumber company's mill, met with quite an accident at the mill last Wednesday morning, the result of which will lay Mr. Swedberg up for several days.

A fire had started in the sawdust near a wheel on the top of a band saw, supposed to have been caused from the friction of the wheel, the motion of which was rapidly fanning the blaze to larger proportions. In an attempt to extinguish the flames, the foreman's left arm was brought into close proximity to the saw. His jacket was caught in the saw and the flesh near the muscle of the arm was badly lacerated.

Mr. Swedberg was unaware that he had been injured until his attention was called to the ragged condition of his sleeve and the fact that blood was dripping. He was immediately taken to the office of Dr. Packard, where the wound was dressed, but could not be sewed up, owing to the lacerated condition of the flesh. Although the injury was quite painful, it is thought no serious results will follow.

Mr. Swedberg has been employed in the Brown-Robbins mill for the past nine years and this is the first accident he has met with in all that time.

The members of the senior class in the High school are taking special work in English this term. The class has been divided into sections for the purpose of reviewing grammar, composition and rhetoric. The members of the class are required to write one essay each month which is to be read before the school at opening exercises.

men are at a loss to know what the machine may be for, and every proposal of a new machine meets fierce opposition from the

Lynching in Missouri.
Hosmefield, Mo., Nov. 17.—A
buff, charged with the murder
drew Melton, was taken from
by a mob and lynched.

Shamrock Arrives.
London, Nov. 20.—The SH
which left New York Novem
rived in the Clyde at midnight.

the world, closed down after a
of 67,000,000 feet, which b
ords.

Six Men Killed
Humboldt, S. D., Nov.
were killed and four seri
fatally injured in a rail
here.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The secretary of the treasury has ordered the issue of bonds to the amount of \$100,000, to relieve the tightness of the money market.

Died Suddenly.
Owenton, Ky., Nov. 17. —
Settle, democratic congressman
of the Seventh district, died sud-
denly at his home here of heart disease
yesterday.

Has Twenty-Six Wives.
Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 16.—
Montroe, who has, the police
wives and many aliases, is in jail
city.

King of the Gypsies.
Philadelphia, Nov. 23.—Seth
the king of the gypsies in this
try, died in this city, aged 100 y

AMERICAN RAILWAYS

As Related to Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural Interests.

Present Period Stopped the Age of Transportation—Foreign Countries Having Our Locomotives—Development of the West.

"One of our great writers has said of this closing period of the nineteenth century that it is an age of transportation. Transportation underlies material prosperity in every department of commerce. Without transportation commerce would be impossible. Those states and nations are rich, powerful and enlightened whose transportation facilities are best and most extended. The dying nations are those with little or no transportation facilities."

These were a part of the opening words of an address delivered before the International Commercial Congress, recently held in Philadelphia, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, and president of the American Association of General Passenger Agents.

He then went on to quote Mr. Mulhall, the British statistician, who in his work on "The Wealth of Nations" said of the United States in 1901: "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States."

Mr. Mulhall proved by his statistics that the working power of a single person in the United States was twice that of a German or Frenchman, more than three times that of an Austrian and five times that of an Italian. He said the United States was then the richest country in the world, its wealth exceeding that of Great Britain by 25 per cent, and added that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 of instructed citizens. Should Mr. Mulhall revise his figures to-day, the differences would all be in favor of the United States, for in the past 18 months we have demonstrated the superiority of our manufactures in every direction, and our ability to cope successfully with questions which have heretofore been handled exclusively by the older nations is now recognized by all the world.

Mr. Daniels told a letter he had received from a friend in Tokio, written only a short time ago, in which was this significant sentence: "You will be interested in knowing that I have laughing on the wall of my office a framed picture of your 'Empire State Express' and we expect in the near future to be hauling a Japanese 'Empire Express' with an American locomotive." They have now in Japan more than 100 locomotives that were built in the United States. In Russia they have nearly 1,000 American locomotives, and practically every railway in Great Britain has ordered locomotives from this country since the beginning of the war with Spain.

But it is not alone our locomotives that have attracted the attention of foreigners who have visited our shores; our railway equipment generally has commanded admiration and is now receiving the highest compliment, namely, imitation by many sister nations.

The demand for American locomotives from all parts of the world Mr. Daniels attributed, in the first place, to the superior quality of our machinery, and, in the second, to the fact that the general passenger agents of the American railways have, through their advertising, made the marvelous results accomplished by our locomotives household words in every country on the globe.

The emperor of Germany in his speech to the Prussian diet in January last, said Mr. Daniels did not lay the greatest stress upon the necessity for increasing the army or for the construction of additional ships for the navy, but he did impress upon his hearers the great importance of extending the railroads and the navigable canals.

In order that the German nation might have knowledge of the most advanced theories and practice in the construction and operation of railways an imperial German commission was sent to the United States a short time ago for the purpose of examining American railways and making such recommendations as their investigation should suggest. In the report of this commission, which was recently published, one of the first sentences is as follows: "Lack of speed, lack of comfort, lack of cheap rates, are the charges brought against the German empire's railways, as compared with those of the United States." They recommended the adoption of many of our methods, explaining in their report that they were far superior, not only to those in vogue in Germany, but also superior to those of any other country.

One of the claims made by Mr. Daniels is that railroads supersede the canals, and he gives as one reason the general demand of the American public for quick time. A shipper having a hundred thousand barrels of flour or a million bushels of grain for export must move it from Buffalo to New York within a specified time, and he cannot risk the slow process of the canal.

What Railroads Have Accomplished. A few examples of the achievements of American railroads in a little more than half a century, and many of them within the last 25 years, were then given. Before the railroads were built it took a week to go from New York to Buffalo, nearly three weeks from New York to Chicago; and at that time no man would have thought of making a trip from New York to the Pacific coast, except a few of the hardiest pioneers, and when on such an occasion the goods were sent, it was expected on both sides that it would be forever. If tomorrow night you should place a letter on the Pacific and Oriental mail train,

which leaves New York at 9:15, you may be sure that your correspondent in San Francisco will be reading it next Monday night—four days from New York. The framers of our constitution would have considered a man entirely beside himself who would have suggested such a possibility.

In 1855 the states east of the Missouri river were sending food and clothing to the starving people of Kansas. Thanks to the facilities afforded by the railroads, the corn crop of Kansas this year is 210,000,000 bushels.

It seems but a very few years, said the speaker, since I made my first trip to Colorado, and stopped on my way at the home of Buffalo Bill, at North Platte, Neb., on the Union Pacific. At Ogallala, 51 miles west of North Platte, the Sioux Indians were roaming over the prairies and making more or less trouble for the early settlers who ventured so far out on the beaten paths of civilization. The Nebraska corn crop this year covers 8,000,000 acres, and the yield is 200,000,000 bushels.

Precious to the construction of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, Northwestern, St. Paul, Burlington, and other railways that traverse that wonderful region known as the "Great West," there was nothing to be seen but prairie grass and an occasional band of untamed savages.

Development of Pacific Coast.

In 1849 there came across the continent reports of the discovery of gold in California, but the only means of reaching its Golden Gate was by sea around Cape Horn, or the long and perilous journey, with ox teams, across the plains, including what was then styled in our geographies the American desert, and through the hazardous mountain passes of the western part of the continent. The completion of the Pacific railroads changed all this, and opened new fields for all kinds of enterprises, in an unexplored territory stretching over more than 2,000 miles to the west, northwest and southwest of the Mississippi river, the products of which region were practically valueless until the means of transporting them were provided by the railroads. The wheat crop of California this year is 27,000,000 bushels. The largest crop ever produced in California was in 1896, when owing to exceptionally favorable weather conditions that state produced 62,000,000 bushels. The gold output of California for the year 1901 is estimated at \$10,000,000. The vineyards and orange groves of California would be of practically little value were it not for the fact that the railroads, by their trains of refrigerator and ventilated cars, make it possible to transport the products of her fertile valleys to all sections of the country.

It seems but yesterday that the railroads were completed into Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and it is marvellous that for the year ended June 30, 1901, there was exported from the Columbia river valley 16,000,000 bushels of wheat and from the Puget sound region 12,000,000 bushels. Oregon and Washington form the north-west corner of the territory of the United States south of the line of British Columbia and are directly on the route to our extreme northwest possession, Alaska. The wheat crop of the states of Oregon and Washington for the year 1901 is 48,000,000 bushels. There was exported during the year ended June 30, 1901, from the Columbia river direct to foreign ports 1,000,000 barrels of flour, and from Puget sound points 300,000 barrels.

Colorado, which, with its inexhaustible mines of gold, silver, lead, iron and coal, forms almost an empire in itself, will produce this year of 1901 of gold, \$24,000,000; of silver, \$11,000,000; of lead, \$1,100,000, in addition to a magnificent crop of wheat, fruit and vegetables. Thanks to her railroad facilities, Montana is to-day the richest mineral region of its size in the world. The latest published statistics—those of 1901—give the mineral output of Montana as \$24,000,000.

Without railroads, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, California, Oregon and Washington would still be the home of savages.

Service of American Railroads.

It is beyond question that American railroads to-day furnish the best service in the world, at the lowest rates of fare, at the same time paying their employees very much higher wages than are paid for similar service in any other country on the globe. In the United States the first-class passenger fares last year averaged 2.93 cents per mile, although on some large railways the average was several mills less than two cents per mile; in England the first-class fare is four cents per mile; third-class fare, for vastly inferior service, is two cents per mile, but only on certain parliamentary trains. In Prussia the fare is three cents per mile; in Austria, 2.05 cents per mile, and in France, 2.25 cents per mile.

Our passenger cars excel those of foreign countries in that they go to make up the comfort and convenience of a journey. Our sleeping and parlor car system is vastly superior to theirs; our baggage system is infinitely better than theirs and arranged upon a much more liberal basis. American railroads carry 150 pounds of baggage free, while the German railroads carry only 55 pounds free. The lighting of our trains is superb, while the lighting of trains on most foreign lines is wretched.

These are some of the achievements of American railroads in passenger service that have not been approached in any other country on the globe, and in my opinion it is achievements of this character that have made it possible for the United States to expand its commerce with such astounding rapidity.

The fact that American passenger service attracts the attention of people of every other country who visit our shores is demonstrated by the desire of all foreigners to ride on the Empire State express—the fastest long-distance train in the world—and the further desire to examine the magnificent machines that haul our great trains,

GIRL IN THE ARMY.

Enlisted to Make a Test of Her Lover's Character.

Court-Martialed and Put Ashore at Honolulu, Completely Cured of Military Ambition and Silliness.

Those who admire the spirit of the heroine of "The Dragon's Teeth" will delight in a similar story which comes all the way from Kansas. It is the story of a lass who loved a soldier and followed him to war, followed him to the Philippines in the garb of a man.

The name of the woman is Sadie De Lande, and that of the man is P. J. Moore. They were betrothed, but the man had to go with his regiment, the Twentieth Kansas, to the war, and Sadie resolved to follow him.

The girl is a graduate of a well-known seminary in St. Louis. Returning, she became engaged to Moore, but only on the condition that she be allowed for a year to see him as he appeared among his fellows of his own sex, and thus apply a real test to his character.

Moore agreed. Then came the war. She got to San Francisco in safety. At Camp Merritt she gave herself up to careful study of the military life.

Discipline was rather lax in the regiment, in those days, she says, and she was able to fall into line and drill with the company without much danger of detection.

She vows that she took readily to the work and was one of the most graceful soldiers in the awkward squad. Once, indeed, she fainted during a prolonged drill, but her sex was kept a secret.

When the regiment went aboard the transport Indiana, Sadie was still in the ranks. Two days out from port, however, the guarded secret came out.

She was court-martialed and put ashore at Honolulu. There she remained for several months, and has now returned to San Francisco on the Mariposa. The gallant newspapers of the



MISS SADIE LANDE. (Served for Some Time in the Ranks of the Twentieth Kansas.)

Golden Gate say very nice things of her looks.

"My experience has changed my opinions and ambitions," she says, "and I advise no girl to imitate my exploits. Not to count sea sickness and the fear of detection, there is the intense humiliation of discovery to deter one. All the romance has left my head. But I had a remarkable time."

"Before I boarded the train in Kansas 'P. J.' called at the house to see if I had lost my courage and resolution. He found me all equipped. I had on my feet a pair of French-heeled boots. He told me the feminine shoes would betray me. I took a pair of my uncle's shoes and put them on over my own."

"At Camp Merritt one or two of the boys were let into the secret and they shielded me. When we were on the Indiana at the dock I got a great fright. Word came that there was to be a check roll call. In the excitement, however, I managed to stow myself away, and thus eluded the officers."

"Discovery came all of a sudden. Col. Funston in person with a guard of four men came down upon me on the second day and carried me away in ignominious arrest. As I was marched up to the hurricane deck, two guards ahead and two behind, you should have seen the officers' wives stare at me. That was an ordeal."

"But did you not think of the impropriety of your conduct?"

Miss De Lande was confused a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Never, until a minister's wife insulted me. I was sitting in the captain's stateroom while he went among the ladies to borrow some clothes suited to my sex. The chaplain's wife sent a message, which was delivered in my hearing, that she was not going to furnish a wardrobe for female stowaways—that she had been called to a higher mission. The captain's wife, having no high mission, had a charitable heart and fitted me out."

"At Honolulu Capt. Harry Evans, of the harbor police, came out to the transport in a boat with two huge Kanaka policemen to take me off. They frightened me and I began to cry. Capt. Evans, out of pity, took me ashore alone, and put the Kanakas into another boat."

"I was in jail at Honolulu nearly a whole day, but the sheriff was kind and took me to his own home. 'As long as the transport remained in port I was watched, but the action was unnecessary, for I would never have gone on that ship again while the chaplain's wife remained there.'

"Instead of returning at once to the United States I procured a position as governess to Mrs. Peckmore's children. With them I remained until I sailed a few weeks ago on the Mariposa. They were very kind to me at Honolulu."

"And now?"

"I have purchased a trousseau with the money which I earned myself—every cent."

LUCK IS WITH HIM

After Thirty-Five Years of Prospecting Otto Grantz Unearths a Mine of Great Promise.

Otto P. T. Grantz is counted the richest man in the Black Hills. He is rated as the first millionaire in this little mining country, and no one disputes his claim. For 35 years Otto Grantz has been following a prospector's life, first in California, then Oregon, Nevada, Utah, and for 23 years in the Black Hills, with varying luck. But in his last days the hand of fortune has blessed him.

Otto Grantz was born in Tübingen, Germany, in 1823. At the age of 22 he



GRANTZ AND HIS MINE. (Prospector Finds Fortune After Thirty-Five Years.)

came to America. Not finding work in Chicago, for the reason that he could not speak English, he went to Charlotte, La., where he worked for his uncle for some time.

In the spring of 1862 he turned his face westward. In 1862 "Commodore" Grantz, as he is called, figured prominently in an Indian fight near Boise basin, in Idaho. In a company led by Jeff Stanford, a famous Indian fighter, for three weeks he followed the trail of the Indians. There were several little skirmishes, and in the final battle 21 Indians were killed and 62 ponies, which the Redskins had stolen from the ranch of old Beaver Dix, were captured and driven back to their corral. Not a white man was killed.

For 13 years Grantz worked on five fractional claims three miles southwest of Deadwood, and it was two months ago that he discovered the remarkably rich shoot of ore on his hidden fortune claim, which lies adjacent to the Homestake possessions.

The Black Hills strike is a bonanza to the best mining experts of the Black Hills. The fact that the ore contains many kinds of values leads many to think that the shoot is a slice, or section, from a vertical, which will be found near by. Gold and silver appear in a proportion of about two and one-half ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. The mountain which he is working seems to be a mountain of ore, and Mr. Grantz has the apex of the mountain on his ground. This means that if his rich ore shoot runs over on to the Homestake ground by law he has the right to follow it up, and the ore taken out will be his.

Dead in His Cell.

Ransom Whitte, the veteran who murdered Mrs. Maria Edgar in Milwaukee last June by placing poison in a can of beer, and who was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment, was found dead in his cell at the county jail. A post mortem was held, the physicians deciding that death was due to natural causes.

Double Funeral.

The double funeral of Peter Olson and Chris Nelson, the two men killed by a Chicago & Northwestern train, took place from the Emma church in Racine and hundreds of people were present. One of the pathetic scenes of the last sad rites was the appearance of the widows and 17 children weeping near the caskets.

The News Condensed.

An explosion of gas at a fair in the new St. George society hall in Kenosha resulted in four persons being injured, two of whom are in a critical condition. The vault in the Vilas county clerk's office at Eagle River was broken into and all board proceedings, stub order books and bills on file since the institution of the county were stolen.

Robert Marley, an old resident of the town of Ellington, committed suicide by taking poison. He lived alone.

A barn and all its contents, including four cows, two horses and 17 tons of hay, burned at New Lisbon. The property was owned by Emmet Carpenter.

Fox River business men are complaining of the presence of a large amount of counterfeit small silver coin which is in circulation at the different cities in the valley.

Milwaukee is to raise \$30,000 for a school for the deaf.

Charles A. Hartz, a prominent contractor, reported to the police in La Crosse that his seven-year-old daughter Esther had been kidnapped.

The C. L. & B. company's sawmill in Chippewa Falls, the largest in the world, closed down after a season's cut of 60,000,000 feet, which breaks all records.

White pine lumber manufacturers in La Crosse have agreed upon a uniform markup in prices, taking effect at once. The advance is 20 cents per thousand in some grades of dimensions and one dollar a thousand on some grades of uppers.

Thomas Winters, chairman of the town of Washburn, while following a path through the woods from his home to a neighbor's house, was mistaken for a deer and fatally shot by some unknown hunter.

The number of deer hunters in Marinette county this fall is estimated at about 80, but the number of deer killed is much less than in former years.

John Mantiga, of Sheboygan, is a member of the crew of the rubber Charleston, wrecked on a reef off the coast of Luzon.

The Wisconsin college of made has been opened with an imposing building as its home in Milwaukee. Edward H. Seymour, alias Earl Seymour, alias Alfred Vincent, pleaded guilty in Menomonie to the charge of bigamy and was sentenced to two years in the state prison.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Federation of Reformers.

The Wisconsin Federation of Reformers at a meeting in Oshkosh adopted resolutions urging the people of every city, town and village to engage in a campaign for local options; favoring a curfew ordinance everywhere, and recommending instruction in social purity and that the public libraries be supplied with social purity literature. Officers were elected as follows:

President, Rev. W. O. Carter, Wausau; first vice president, Rev. C. Hedder, Watertown; second vice president, Rev. F. H. Smith, Milwaukee; secretary and treasurer, Rev. H. A. Smith, Madison; press committee, Rev. R. Coleman, J. R. Davidson and W. H. Clark.

Apportionment Completed.

The department of public instruction has completed the high school apportionment of state funds for the year. Owing to the increase in the state appropriation for the support of free high schools, made by the bisect bill at the last session of the legislature, the schools will get about twice the amount received last year. The schools will get this year \$96,550.44, and this will give the great majority, or those schools which spend more than \$1,000 a year for the pay of teachers, each \$494.55.

Choked to Death.

O. R. Ryan, of Reedsburg, a traveling man, died suddenly and in great agony at the Alhambra hotel in Oshkosh. He had been ailing with sore throat, and a bell boy who answered a hurried call to his room found him gasping and writhing in agony. He told the doctors a lunge he attempted to swallow had "gone the wrong way." All efforts to relieve failed and he died apparently from suffocation.

War on Illegal Fishermen.

The largest haul of illegally used fishing tackle ever made in Wisconsin was that completed in Lake Winnebago by special wardens. Forty thousand feet of deep-water gill nets and eight miles of set lines comprised the seizure. Two alleged illegal fishermen, Charles and August Lang, were taken after a display of firearms. Fish weighing 1,575 pounds were in the nets and were sold as provided by law.

Murderer Captured.

Sheriff Kane returned to Madison from Token Creek with Leonard Seefeld, who shot and killed Charles Pringle at that place. Seefeld was arraigned in the municipal court and pleaded not guilty to murder in the first degree. He said that he and Pringle had a quarrel, and had agreed to meet with weapons and settle the trouble, but circumstances do not bear out this statement.

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NOT EMOING DEWEY.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, Declares the Admiral is Not a Candidate for the Presidency.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Senator Proctor, of Vermont, in an interview with a Post reporter said:

"It is not true that I am trying to start a way down for the presidency. I was generally understood that before Dewey's election he was aware of being drawn into politics, and I am in a position to know that since his arrival in this country his antagonism has been confirmed."

"Then you think there is no possibility of the nomination of Admiral Dewey next year?"

"There is absolutely none. He is out of it, and I am not trying to run him as a candidate."

CHOOSES HIS SECRETARY.

Congressman Henderson, the Next Speaker of the House, Makes an Appointment.

Dubuque, Ia., Nov. 16.—Congressman Henderson, next speaker of the house, announces the appointment of Jules C. Richards, of Waterloo, Ia., as private secretary to succeed Amos L. Allen, who was speaker of the house and who has just been elected to congress. Also that Asher C. Hinds will continue as clerk at the speaker's table and that Leroy Neely, for some years Congressman Henderson's private secretary, will be the speaker's clerk.

Peacekeeper Killed.

Washington, Nov. 16.—During a fight between Charles F. O'Donoghue and George F. Barnes, Charles F. O'Donoghue, 25 years of age, who attempted to act as peacekeeper, was hit a severe blow on the chin, knocking him down. The fall caused a fracture of the skull, from which he died early Sunday morning. The fatal blow, it is said, was struck by O'Donoghue, although he claims all knowledge of such acts. He has been locked up and a charge of murder entered against him.

The Plumber in Bombay.

Bombay, Nov. 21.—The famine which is spread over the greater portion of this district is daily becoming more acute. The enormous number of 951,321 men are employed in various relief works, but there are still millions of persons destitute for whom no relief can be provided and who must inevitably starve to death unless immediate outside assistance is forthcoming.

Nebraska Returns.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 16.—Interest in the election last week was revived Wednesday when the bulk of returns began at the state capital, inasmuch as it shows that Theodore Roosevelt ran far ahead of his ticket and that the republicans have possibly elected one of the university men, while the majority for the second fusion candidate will be less than 60 per cent.

Getting Ready for War.

Moscow, Nov. 2.—Advisers from Tokio indicate that Japan is putting forth every effort to get the military and naval establishments in condition for effective service. The war budget has been increased to \$400,000,000, an unprecedented expenditure. Armies are being created at Yokohama, Osaka and Nagasaki.

Due to Football.

Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 17.—George Sloup, the 14-year-old son of an ex-superintendent of Woodbury county schools, died as the result of injuries received in a football game Friday. His knee was sprained, inflammation set in, and death was due to nervous prostration.

Football Player Killed.

Iowa City, Ia., Nov. 17.—Winfred Norton Stephenson, of Des Moines, aged 21, was injured in an intercollegiate football game here Saturday morning and died in an hour. He tackled a fellow player and fell, fracturing his skull and rupturing a blood vessel in the brain.

Leather Prices Rise.

Chicago, Nov. 21.—All kinds of leather and hides in the United States and Canada have taken a sudden jump in price because of a general scarcity of the raw and manufactured material, putting the markets almost in a state of panic.

Brooms Cost More.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—The price of brooms were advanced more than 50 per cent at a meeting in this city of the National Broom Manufacturers' association of the United States and Canada.

THE MARKETS.

THE MARKETS.		N. Y. Nov. 21
LIVE STOCK—CATTLE	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
Hogs	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
Sheep	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
FLOUR—Wheat	12 @ 13
WHEAT—No. 1	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
CORN—No. 1	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
CORN—No. 2	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
BARLEY	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
RYE	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
BUCKWHEAT	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
EGGS	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Prime	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
Wool	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 1	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 2	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 3	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 4	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 5	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 6	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 7	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 8	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No. 9	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
Wool—No.	1 1/4 @ 1 1/2

FLINT AFTER U. S. MARSHALSHIP.

The political friends of L. J. Flint, editor of the Dunn County News, Menomonie, are making a strong effort in his behalf to secure for him the appointment as United States marshal for the Western district of Wisconsin, to succeed Hon. W. H. Canon, the present democratic incumbent, whose term of office expires next February. Several of the leading republican journals of the district are heartily supporting Mr. Flint for the position he seeks. The aspirant has the indorsement of every official residing in his county, from senator down to coroner. This testifies to his popularity, which is not by any means confined to Dunn county. He is well known and popular throughout the state, especially in the northern part. Among the plains, Mr. Flint is exceptionally well known and his friends can only be numbered by summing up those who know him. That he is worthy of recognition at the hands of his party is not questioned. He has been in active politics for the past thirty years, during which time he has been a republican of the true blue style. He is a veteran of the civil war, with a record to be proud of. Mr. Flint has served as state senator, member of assembly and has held many other public positions of trust that have been discharged with credit to himself and his constituents. As editor of the News, he has never wavered from the principles of his party and has always stood loyally by the ticket.

DEMOCRACY IS FRUSTRATED.

The deep laid plot of democracy to create a prejudice among the American people against the Republican party has been frustrated. Their cry of imperialism and charges that President McKinley was personally responsible for the appointment of men to exercise arbitrary power in distant regions, without the consent of the population governed, have,

with the many other false charges, come to naught.

The people of a good share of the nation have voiced their sentiments and the verdict in support of President McKinley's war policy is so conclusive that all doubt is obliterated. The republicans can glory in the fact that the administration was heartily indorsed in eight states, while four showed republican gains.

Bryan's success in Nebraska is causing no tears to be shed by the republicans, for it suggests him as the most available personage to lead the democratic forces and head their ticket. This the republicans will hail with delight, as it would insure them success in 1900, which now gives assurance of being even greater than in 1896.

A question that is now puzzling the masses is what the democrats will do for an issue. We gather from the tenor of the leading democratic journals that the anti-expansion cry is already a dead issue. Silverism has received its death blow and free trade is buried so deep that its resurrection could not be accomplished in ages to come. The question naturally arises, what will the hobby be?

SUBSCRIBERS ARE FIZZLED.

The news that Admiral Dewey has transferred his new home to his wife's name, is a surprise to the American people, in view of the fact that it was presented to Mr. Dewey and not intended for Mrs. Dewey, at least not in such a manner. The home cost about \$50,000, the amount being contributed by popular subscriptions and the subscribers were justified in expecting different treatment in return for their mark of esteem for the admiral's gallant victory. The presentation was for that and nothing more. Surprise at such a display of ingratitude is not to be wondered at. Attempts are being made to favorably explain matters, but as yet a plausible one, if there is such, has escaped our notice and we must confess that our estimation of the fighter has dropped a notch or two. The Milwaukee Sentinel in a faint attempt to shield Dewey, says: "It was a gift to which no conditions were attached." This is very true, but there was a debt of gratitude which

Dewey has evaded in the course he has taken. The action on the part of Dewey is strange at its best.

The admiring journals of both Admirals Sampson and Schley are still harping away as to whom honor is due for the defeat of Cervera at Santiago. Figuratively speaking, Sampson was "Schley" enough to be around the corner when the deed was done and Schley was "Sampson" enough to do the deed when the opportunity presented itself, though it did come a little unexpected. The American feet was under Sampson, it is true. If Schley "disobeyed orders" in proceeding, rather in not proceeding to Santiago when commanded, the desired result was accomplished. Nevertheless, and the fact remains that "he got there just the same." It is the claim of Sampson's friends, that the fight was won on his line of campaign. If this is the case, we would ask if it was Sampson's wish that Schley should disobey his (Sampson's) orders? Schley showed a spirit of fairness in his remark,—"there is glory enough for us all."

The comfort (?) that our democratic brethren are finding in the recent elections, reminds us very forcibly of Artemus Ward's experience skating. Returning half crippled with his hands on his hips, he was asked the cause. He replied: "I've been skating; I fell down; I'm going home feeling good." The comparison is a very apt one, even to the limp. The only question is as to whether they are really "feeling good." It is evident they "fell down."

George P. Rossman, of Ashland, has the political bee buzzing in his hat and would therefore like to represent the Ninth congressional district in the lower branch of congress. He has announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination and says he is in the race to stay.

An heroic effort is being made in a Chicago hospital to save the life of a wee bit of humanity by the use of an incubator, as an experiment. It remains to be seen whether in years to come the child will be obliged to scratch for a living, but it is quite reasonable to suppose that it will.

The anti-imperialists—the fellows who are so pitifully frightened by the dread that our glorious nation will become too large, should sit on a dry goods box and swap yarns with the merchant who won't advertise, b'gosh!

Gov. Scofield is visiting every institution supported by the state. His outgoing message to the legislature will be of interest to the people. It will give his ideas of the functions and conduct.

An exchange which is able to answer its own question intelligently, asks: "Which would you rather have, war or another democratic administration?" Too easy. Give us something deeper, please.

At the time of going to press, the news is received that William Jennings Bryan and his scattered army of believers in the faith of the "mighty dollar" are finding "comfort" in recent events.

The unanimous sentiment of soldiers returning from the Philippines is in favor of retaining the islands. We shouldn't follow the advice of people who have been there and know the value of the archipelago.

The Boers are daily proving that their skill as sharpshooters is phenomenal. The casualties among the opposing forces even makes the British believe the fact.

It is argued that McKinley and Bryan will head the republican and democratic tickets in the approaching campaign. That settles it—Bryan, we mean.

The result of the recent elections elicits the query: What will the issue be? Reference of course is made to democracy.

If men and women should never become sufficiently intimate to nag each other, how much more happy the average married life would be.

We may say now, fully as meaningfully as of yore, that "Dewey did it."

In spite of old years the Republican party keeps on—top.

In the Amusement World

A fair size audience assembled at the Grand opera house last Thursday evening to witness the performance given by Nathoo, the Hindoo conjurer, assisted by his wife, Zaza. Some of the slight of hand tricks were fair, while the majority were so coarse that the whole entertainment might be termed an exposure of the art of conjuring. His lecture of a few minutes' duration preceding the performance was the most interesting feature of the entertainment and even in this, it was not so much what he said, as it was the way he said it. The tower trick, in which roses were grown (?) from a seed, was appreciated by those who were fortunate enough to share in the distribution. Nathoo and his wife, Zaza, the clairvoyant, have gone, and with them went many Rhinelanders' skeletons that will be missed far more than the possessors.

The Chicago Daily News pays the following compliment to "The Countess," which will be the bill at the Grand opera house next Friday evening:

"The Great Northern Theatre, notwithstanding the pouring rain, was crowded yesterday with its usual opening house. The company entertained with not a few brand new songs and all the latest rag time effects. Charlie Arnold, droll and clever, with a sonorous voice, which does not offend, but with ever so much rich darker humor, played a low comedy part well. Miss Rose Grayson acted and sang well. 'Who Said Chicken?' and 'Who Lived Easy?' made two of the decided hits of the evening. The Honolulu dancing chorus was pretty and effective."

The above reputable and clever company appear at the local theatre next Friday evening, November 13th. There are over twenty acting members. The advance sale of seats is now on.

"In Gay Paris" a high-class comedy by a first-class company is booked to appear at the Grand opera house Thanksgiving evening, next week. The press speaks in most complimentary terms of this company of entertainers. The scenic effects and specialties will be features.

Weyerhaeuser Purchase a Go.

The Seattle correspondent for the Mississippi Valley Lumberman has the following to say of the Frederick Weyerhaeuser pine land purchase in the state of Washington:

"The long talked of Weyerhaeuser purchase of the Northern Pacific timber lands is at last an assured fact, and now the lumbermen of the sound are all speculating as to what the Weyerhaeuser people propose to do with the timber; whether they will establish mills or simply withdraw the timber from the market, or whether they will re-sell. At the price which it is reported they paid for it, they could sell the timber at a

good profit, but the general impression among lumbermen here is that the Weyerhaeuser people will log and manufacture the timber themselves."

The Best Cough Medicine. Every Bottle Warranted.

Knowing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be a medicine of great worth and merit and especially valuable for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, we will hereafter warrant every bottle bought of us and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of a 25 or 50 cent bottle. For sale at Auderle & Hinman's. H

Have Your Bicycle Cleaned Now.

Nic Sherfinski, the bicycle repair man, suggests to riders of wheels that it is a wise thing to have them cleaned up before they are put away for the winter, instead of waiting until next spring when the cones and ball bearings are rusted and the running gear in general gummed and in bad condition. It is suggested by Mr. Sherfinski that it is the very best kind of economy to have wheels thoroughly overhauled and repaired now, before they are put away, then when the season opens up again everything is in readiness and there is no rust to grind and ruin the bearings. He announces that he is fully prepared to clean and put wheels in first-class shape for the winter and guarantees them to be in tip-top condition when the snow leaves the ground next May or June. His repair shop is located on Stevens street in the Corner Block and his prices are reasonable.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others.

Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Mullett, N. H. For sale by Auderle & Hinman.

IN PROBATE, OSCEOLA COUNTY COURT, (IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF)

ARTEMUS GOSWELL, deceased.

On application of Clara Conklin Diller, administratrix of the estate of Artemus Goswell, deceased, for the adjustment and allowance of her administration account, and the assignment of the residue of said estate to the persons by law entitled to the same.

It is ORDERED, That said account be examined, adjusted and allowed at a general term of said court to be held at the Court House in Rhineland in said county on the 2nd day of January, 1899.

It is FURTHER ORDERED, That upon the adjournment and allowance of such account by this court as aforesaid, the residue of said estate, be by the further order and judgment of the court, assigned to such persons as are by law entitled to the same.

It is FURTHER ORDERED, That notice of the time and place of the examination and allowance of such account and of the assignment of the residue of said estate to be given to all persons interested, by publication of said notice for three successive weeks, before said day, in the New North, a weekly newspaper published at Rhineland, in said county.

Dated November 11, 1898.
By the Court, J. M. HARRIS, County Judge.

Watch for the
FIRE SALE!

LOSS NOW BEING ADJUSTED.

Date Announced Soon. Bargains Never Before Heard of.

Save your Money until you hear from
C. FREDRICKSON.

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY FRED WHISHAW.

(CONTINUED.)

If we listen to it—as we must in order to preserve that peace of mind without which life is not worth living—if we listen to its whisperings, we are obliged, at times, to do very revolting things and to leave undone many pleasant ones.

On this occasion I felt bound to leave untasted the pleasure of snaking home, dry and safe, and to undertake the revolting duty of ridding my life in order to save this little wretch, now yelling for help, from the watery grave that yawned for him. It was very unpleasant, and I hated doing it, therefore, sarcastic reader, do not imagine that in describing my action, as I must now do, I desire to pass as in the slightest degree heroic. I do not. I have confessed that I would rather have gone home. What I did I was obliged to do, whether I liked it or no, and it was certainly "no."

The little student had, I found, run straight into a hole in the ice. There were plenty of such holes, for the bottom of the river had not frozen over, but it remembered. The ice had floated down stream from Lake Ladoga and, becoming choked in the bends and bridges of the river, had packed and remained fixed. This is how the Neva becomes closed every year, for if the river had to wait for the frost to cover it from bank to bank before retiring from ken for its winter's rest, so strong is the current (I who write, being a rowing man, know that current full well) that many weeks and perhaps months would elapse before the ice roof, creeping from bank to bank toward the center of the stream, could meet in the middle and span the whole rushing river. But the pack ice has to fit in as best it can; the round pieces have to accommodate themselves into square holes, and the square ones into circular spaces; hence, there are many gaps for the first few days, and into one of these my little student had run. It was fortunate indeed for him that he was not instantly sucked under the ice and helplessly drowned. Many poor wretches have come to no less sad an end by attempting to cross the Neva too early in autumn or too late in spring. They have splashed suddenly into water. There has been, it may be, one shrill cry for help, and they have disappeared, no more to be seen or heard of in this world.

But my little rascal, when I rushed up, was clinging like grim death to the edge of the ice, his nails dug into the snow, his stomach and chest tightly pressed against the rough ice margin, and his legs no doubt already drawn by the current well beneath the slippery surface which would afford his feet no hold or resistance. Obviously he must let go in a minute or two. The current was tugging at him "for all it was worth," and as a pulling force it was worth a good deal.

"Help! Hold me, for God's sake! I can't hang on another second!" he gasped.

I ran round to his end of the hole, which was about eight feet long by four or five wide. There I secured the best foothold I could get, and then, bending, seized my man by the collar of his shirt, digging my fingers well down under his chin. When I felt I had him tight, I bade him try to struggle out.

"I can't, I can't!" he gasped. I suppose I was half strangling him.

"My legs are right away under the ice. I can't get them back. I have no power. Save me, for God's sake, whoever you are! I never did you harm!"

"I am trying to save you," I said. I pulled at him. It must have been a choky process for the poor fellow. But I could not move him.

"Let go with your hands and I'll pull you along the edge up stream," I said. "Don't lose your head. It will be all right. I won't let you go!"

"No, not I can't, I dare not!" he gasped. "If I lose my hold on the ice, the current will suck me away in an instant. Hold on tight till some one comes!"

"No one will come," I said. "If you keep your head and let me pull you along quietly, you may be saved. Let go with your hands, I tell you."

"I won't!" he screamed. "It's my only chance. Oh, the cold of it! Get a good foothold and pull!"

"Let go, you fool!" I said angrily. "I can't move you this way, and the

I came closer to the edge and got my hand farther round toward the back of his neck. Then I pulled at him, trying to force him to let go and float, so that I might tow him sideways to the edge. He would not loose his frenzied grip, however.

Then I forced the game. I purposely stepped upon one of his hands, and with a yell and a curse he let go. Quickly I pulled him backward and along. The plan succeeded admirably. I got him sideways against the side of the ice, higher up stream, and hitched his face and left shoulder upon the edge. But the frightened fool spoiled my game by losing his head and struggling to lay hold of something for himself.

Unfortunately the thing his hands first met and clutched was my left leg. He seized it and tugged. Heaven knows what he hoped to gain by the suicidal action.

What he actually did was to cause me to slip and lose my balance. I fell close to the edge of the ice, and the fellow instantly clawed at me and pulled me into the water.

By the mercy of Providence I kicked myself free of him as I slipped into my icy bath or he would have pulled me down beneath the surface, and we should have died together, fighting madly for a moment or two beneath the ice.

I don't think I was in the water five seconds; I never even allowed myself to float down stream to the lower end of the hole. As I touched water I struck out upward and, seizing the rough edge of the ice, swung my chest well out of the water and lay thus a second half in and half out. The current swept my legs up behind me and rather assisted me to make good my escape. In another second I lay full length on the ice, half dead with cold, but safe and grateful.

Then I thought of the student and looked round over my shoulder as I struggled to my feet. He had gone. I doubted not, beneath the ice and was by this time 50 yards away, bobbing his poor head against the pitiless ice roof that kept him from life and hope—drowning fast, perhaps already dead.

But, to my surprise, I saw that he still clung, exactly as he had clung at first, before my attempt to rescue him, to the farther edge of the ice. There he clung and gasped, trying to yell, but making very little noise, for his head had been under, I suppose, and he was half choking with the water.

My mind was quickly made up. I knew what I should do now. I had no intention of being pulled into the water a second time. I might not be quite so fortunate as to kick myself free from the frenzied little fool again.

I ran round to his end. He saw me.

"Save me, save me!" he gasped.

I laid hold of him by the collar as before, using my right hand, as the stronger; then with the left I dealt him as hard a blow on the ear as my doubled fist could deal in this awkward position. It proved hard enough for my purpose.

The poor fellow gave a kind of snort. His hands loosed their grip of the ice, his body floated backward and came unresistingly along in obedience to my tug. He lay like a log, and like a log I dragged him out and stretched him on the dry ice—safe, half drowned, half stunned and more than half frozen, but safe, little as he deserved his safety.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMATEUR DETECTIVE WORK.

This was a queer ending to my crude bit of amateur detective work. I had hoped to track my man to his own den, and all that I succeeded in doing was to follow him into an icehole, and very nearly into the next world.

I chafed the fellow's limbs and temples as well as I could. The exercise warmed me, and the treatment apparently suited my patient well enough, for he soon revived and sat up, looking round him in a puzzled way, and shivering.

"Do you feel well enough to stand up and walk?" I asked. "I'll give you an arm."

"What has happened? Where are we?" he said. "And who are you?"

"Well," I said, laughing, "I've just had the pleasure of pulling you out of the water, into which you did me the honor to drag me. As for what happened, I followed you down the quay for reasons of my own, and you, having a guilty conscience, I suppose—for I know no other reason—refused to be overtaken and ran scuse into an ice hole."

"I remember," he said. "I thought I was gone more than once. How did you pull me out? I don't recall it somehow."

"Does it matter since you are safe and on dry land, or rather ice? Come, get up and I'll take you home and you shall change your clothes. Your teeth are chattering like castanets."

"I have no clothes but these and no fire in my room," said the fellow.

"I don't think I shall ever be warm again. But I'll get into bed if I can travel so far. Don't think me ungrateful. I am very much obliged to you for pulling me out. I'd rather die of cold at home, or hunger either, than drown like a rat under the ice. Bah! The idea is sickening!"

"Look here," I said, an idea striking me. "If your place is so cold and uncomfortable and you've no change of clothes, you shall lie up for a few days at my house. You shall be fed well and have a good rest. When you feel all right again, you shall be free to go. Do you consent?"

"But stop! Why all this? Who are you? You pulled me out of the water at some risk, and I am grateful for it, but when you come to offer me these other kindnesses I don't know what to think. I am suspicious of your good faith, for, after all, why should you treat me in this way—a total stranger?"

"There is a certain service which I think you can render me if you like,"

I said. "I will tell you that matter. I would gladly keep you in luxury for ten years if I could obtain certain information from you which you may or may not be able to give me! There, I am open with you, you see."

"Good! I will be as open with you. See here! I would sell my soul for ten years of luxurious life. If there is any information that it is in my power to give you and you are prepared to pay

well for it, you shall have all I have to tell you and I shall make the terms all the easier because you logged me out of your death trap. But why should I—particularly I—be able to give you the information you desire? Are you sure that I possess it?"

"No, I am not. Still you are sure to be able to afford me some satisfaction, if you cannot tell me all I wish to know. Step out quicker. The faster we go the sooner you shall have a warm room and some dry clothes and a full meal!"

"A hot meal—hot meat, and so on?" said the student, looking woefully at me. "And perhaps a glass of wine or good beer?"

"Most certainly," I laughed. "If you fancy it, why not? Are a good meal and a glass of beer so unwanted a luxury to you?"

"I have not eaten a really full meal for two years, at least. That which I eat scarcely serves to keep body and soul together."

"Are you so terribly poor, then?" I asked. I had never seen such poverty. I had always had plenty of the best of everything and had never consequently realized what the want of good food meant.

"God knows how I live," shivered the student. "I don't."

We were now on the Palace quay and rapidly approaching our big house—the very place he had last left before we had both started upon our wild and ill-omened race.

"Where are you taking me to?" he said.

"To my home, of course," I replied, with a laugh.

"Which house is it?" he said, banging back a little. "Not this huge one—the Landrinof mansion?"

"Yes, certainly. Why not? I am Count Boris Landrinof, and you shall be my guest, as I promised."

He stopped on the doorstep, shivering violently.

"Oh, I dare not," he said. "Not there—I didn't guess you were young Count Landrinof."

"Nonsense," I said. "Now we have made one another's acquaintance, you will find I am quite as good a friend, and perhaps a more profitable one, than—well, than your other friend in here—Korniloff or Andre Landrinof, or whatever you may call him. Come! He shall know you are in the house!"

"Swear it!" said the student, shaking more than even his semifrozen condition demanded. "If he were to know I was in the place and on confidential terms with yourself, he would—no, I dare not come in. I really dare not."

"Think again," I said. "Fifty rubles a month so long as you live in the house and serve me in any way I shall demand of you. If I should not need your services, a gratuity of 500 rubles each year for ten years, or a lump sum, if you prefer it, of 5,000 rubles."

"Stop! Is the house so large that I can live in it and this other as well and he not know I am there?"

"There is room for 20, none of whom should know of the presence of the others."

"Well, I think I'll come!" he said. "As for information, I cannot tell of course, what it is you intend to demand of me, but now that I know you are young Landrinof, I may tell you that I can, if I like, give you some information which will be useful to you."

"About this Andre?"

"That and the rest."

"Tell me now," I said, "before we enter the house, because, should the information be valueless to me, I need not occasion you the risk of coming into the den of the tiger, or rather Andre. Give me an idea of your news."

"No, not yet. I will judge of the value of the bargain before I conclude it. Go up the steps by yourself, please, and see that Andre—that my friend who is staying in the house is out of the way. If the coast is clear, I will come up."

I did as he desired and found the coast clear.

"Come," I said, "it's all right!" and up the marble steps ran my shivering will-o'-the-wisp and entered the house.

Through the front part of the building I led my man and into one of the long wings that ran down on either

room ready and a grand wood fire crackling and roaring in the stove.

I brought the student a suit of my own clothes—all ones—including plenty of warm underwear, and the shivering little rascal climbed into them with a chuckle of delight. Then I bade him sit and warm himself till dinner time, when he should have the finest meal brought in to him that ever beheld partaken of on this planet.

When he had consumed this—and he ate every particle of each course that was placed before him—and had negotiated a bottle of wine, which, of course, he drank to the dregs, I returned to see in what frame of mind he now was. I found him in the most amiable, and, observing that this was so, I asked the fellow whether he was now prepared to strike a bargain, and, if so, whether he could give some indication of the kind of information he had to sell. He grinned and lay back in his chair, entirely happy.

"You are Boris Landrinof, son of Count Vladimir Landrinof, are you not?" he asked lazily.

I replied with beating heart that I was.

"Well," he said, "it so happens that I have something to say about him that may interest you."

CHAPTER XX.

BARGAINING FOR INFORMATION.

The little student looked keenly at me to see how I would receive his statement. He wished no doubt to estimate the value of the information which he professed to be able to give me by watching the effect of his remark upon the expression of my face.

I am afraid I added thousands of rubles to that estimated value simply through my inability to control my countenance.

I would have given worlds to appear to remain indifferent or incredulous or what not, but I was very young and but a poor actor to boot, and I gave my hand away lavishly.

I grew pale and red; I knew it. I clutched the arms of my chair; I felt dizzy and faint. My heart behaved ridiculously and commenced to play a devil's tattoo within my breast. I could not speak; I believe I should have cried if I had attempted it. Had this little rascal really and truly important communications to make concerning my father? Could he possibly know anything? If so, Andre was equally well informed. Nay, father must be or must have been, actually in the hands of these rascals, though why or for what purpose they should have captured and kept him I could not conceive.

If this student could be brought over into our camp and made to tell us all he knew, why, he would be worth almost any money to us. Not only would we learn perhaps priceless news about my dear father, but we should, moreover, be able to scare off Andre and turn him at once, neck and crop, out of the house; nay, perhaps have him so completely in our power that we should be enabled, by the help of the police, to get him quietly sent away to places where he could no longer worry us by his presence, which, of course, we only tolerated for a moment in the hope of obtaining our quid pro quo in the form of information about father.

What a satisfaction it would be to do without him altogether—but how he would fume and rage, the rascal, for undoubtedly he flattered himself that he had my mother and myself in the hollow of his hand, as, indeed, he had until this most fortunate encounter of mine in mid-Neva with the well-feasted and pride-puffed little rascal in the armchair. All these thoughts passed very quickly through my brain as I sat trying to regain control over my features and my tongue before replying to the student.

At last I felt that I might attempt to speak.

"What you have just said," I began, my voice sounding faint and far away in my own ears, "makes me think that you may possibly be in possession of information that is really valuable to us. If it should prove so, you will not regret having confided it to me."

"No, no; that is not business," he laughed. "See here, this is the position. I have vitally important news to give you, news that concerns your father and which you can obtain from none but me."

"There's always Andre," I hinted.

"Andre, for reasons of his own, and mighty good ones, would never reveal it to you—not though you fed and pampered and housed and paid him for years to come. You will understand why when—and if—we have come to terms and my secret becomes yours. Very well, then. The position, I say, is this: I am in possession of this information. You, being a dutiful son, are naturally desirous of obtaining it. That is point No. 1. Point No. 2. You chase me (heaven knows why) into a hole in the ice, which in itself is enough to close my lips forever, in so far as concerns the opening of the same to do you any service; but, point No. 3, you pulled me out again, at some risk and with some pluck, as I am ready to admit, which renders my lips to your advantage, if (point No. 4) you make it worth my while to do so, and (point No. 5) since my secret in itself is of some value, and (6) since I am running risks which you little suspect in coming under your roof and telling my secret to you, (point 7 and last) I cannot possibly put the figure down at less than 10,000 rubles."

I would have given the sum named, I think, to take the little rascal by the shoulders from behind and to kick him round the room until either he died or I tired. But I kept my temper and showed little or no signs of the rage I felt. It was his conceited manner that angered me far more than the exorbitance of the sum he demanded for his information.

To receive news which would set us upon a track which should ultimately lead to the discovery of my dear father I would gladly have paid ten times the sum asked. But this little student was

such a detestable air as he spoke, and was, besides, such a consummate little villain on the face of him, that I would have given worlds, as I say, to kick the secret out of him or garrote him till he was glad to save his neck by confessing to his share of the devilry that must have been played with his connivance upon my poor father.

"May I consult my two friends, and my mother before answering your question?" I said as calmly as I could. I don't think the calmness was very striking, however.

"Certainly not. Your mother and the rest may agree afterward. This matter is between you and me. Who are your two friends, by the way?"

"One is a school friend, an Englishman," I said, "and the other is Borofsky, whom you must have seen or heard of from your friend Andre."

"What! That little fool? The one that brought Andre over and tried to palm him off upon you as Count Landrinof? Tell him what you like, my friend, afterward. But now, this moment, our little matter must be decided by our two selves. Either you sign an agreement with me for 10,000 rubles, payable tomorrow morning, together with a guarantee that in case of any trouble my name is not to be mentioned as in any way connected with any matter!" I said as calmly as I could. I don't think the calmness was very striking, however.

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storing what the secret is, and now much its possession by you may mean to both your parents?"

"The brute wants a check down before he tells me anything," I said. "Am I justified in giving it him?"

"Oh, lazz! It is he to very big! He's a Russian, isn't he?" Percy laughed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, in some surprise. "He isn't big at all, but exceedingly little. As for being a Russian, of course he's that. Why do you ask?"

"Why, man, don't you see that even if you give him the check and you then find that

finished his glass, replenished it, set it down at his elbow, settled himself in his chair and said:

"You are anxious to get to business, I see. Well, I will put you out of your misery in one word. I know where your father is, and for all I know to the contrary, he is alive and well."

"Thank God!" ejaculated "Where is he?" "I'll tell you."

"Hush!" he said. "You go too fast! It is a good story, and I shall enjoy telling it from the beginning."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

"This man Andre," continued the student, "is, as you have rightly concluded, your father's brother. His real address is Siberia. Ask your friends, the police, and they will tell you that this is so. Indeed they will assure you that our good friend is still enjoying a dog's life in the mines, somewhere near Sakhalin."

"Very well. But, as you are aware, he is nothing of the sort. He is here and engaged in certain very important and very secret arrangements, as to which I may have more to say at a later period, supposing that it should be worth your while to come to terms with me."

"Well, then, in order to be here your respected uncle must have first left Siberia. He did so. He left the mines without permission of the authorities. In a word, he escaped and came to St. Petersburg. Capital—a very well conceived and cleverly executed escape, as to which I may some day, over another bottle of wine, amuse you with the details, but at present I desire to come quickly to the main interest of the story."

"Cleverly as friend Andre escaped, however, the police—for once in their lives—showed some little sagacity in following up the matter. They could not catch him on the spot, neither could they find him through all the thousands of miles that lie between Sakhalin and St. Petersburg, but by some chance they found him in St. Petersburg itself shortly after his arrival here. Very unluckily this, as you will admit."

"Well, they shadowed him, having once got upon his scent, and, though Andre was clever enough to keep out of their clutches, the position became strained, and a meeting of certain people was held in order to devise some means of relieving the strain."

"One of the bloodhounds died about this time. By bloodhounds I mean those who did the shadowing and hunting for the authorities. He died of loss of blood caused by a rent in his carcass made by some sharp steel substance, such as the blade of a knife."

"He was murdered, you mean," I interrupted in disgust. "God forgive us for harboring in the house such rascals as Andre and yourself, and for dealing with you instead of handing you over to justice, as we ought to do."

"You are positively rude, my friend," continued the student, "and extremely unjust besides, to one of us, at any rate. Andre may be all you imply, but then he is a near relative of yours and entitled to indulgence from the respectable members of his family, but I—what I do you know of me? I am an innocent lamb, incapable of hurt or harm. I am telling you a picturesque story of the adventures of this near relative of your own. What have I to do with it? I am a narrator only."

"Stop," I said. "What has all this to do with my father? You are not to suppose that I shall submit to be put off with your conceitedly told yarns about others unless they carry substantial information as to my father and his whereabouts. The clock can be stopped and you arrested!"

"And you can do just what the bloodhounds refused to do," my companion laughed, "and that is, lie down in some dark porch or gateway, with a big hole in you, and take your last look up at the stars while your blood runs over the pavement. But surely we need not quarrel over a grievance which does not exist. I am coming to your precious father in a minute or two."

"Go on, then," I said. I was beginning to loathe the sight of this little toad of a man."

"Well, the bloodhound died, as I say, but another was put upon the scent, and, when he died, a third, and still they would not let Andre alone, though they could not catch him."

"Then, at last, one of us—I mean, one of the body of men and patriots who were privileged to call themselves the friends of Andre—hatched a very brilliant plot for the relief of Andre and for the getting of him safely over the frontier, which—ardently as our friend desired to go abroad for the good of his health and for the advantage of certain projects in which he was interested—had been hitherto quite impossible, owing to the care with which the authorities had laid their plans to prevent it."

"The railway stations bristled with gendarmes and uniformed police—spies, in fact—and the frontier was guarded as though it were a powder magazine and some one had threatened to put a match to it."

"Now, this was the plan, and you must listen very carefully to it, for I am pledged to interest you, and the 5,000 rubles in my pocket have been paid me for what I am going to tell you next."

"But as this part of the tale is so very interesting we will drink a glass of wine to steady our nerves."

"Drink the whole bottle and be hanged, only go on!" I cried.

"Good wines should never be taken too fast," said the little rascal, deliberately sipping from his glass. "And this is good wine—drink, do you call it, or burgundy? I don't often have the opportunity of sampling these expensive vintages, and therefore I do not claim to be much of a judge. Take a glass. You won't! Well, I see you are excited to hear what I have to tell you, so here goes."

"One of us—one of them, I should

say—concocted this idea. Andre, he knew, they all knew, was well connected. He owned to a brother who ranked as a patrician among the patricians. Moreover, Andre made it a boast that he bore more than a strong family likeness to his brother, the great Count Landrinof."

"This ingenious person, the hatcher of the plot, took the trouble to visit Count Landrinof at this very aristocratic and palatial establishment in which I am at this moment an honored guest. He came ostensibly to ask for a contribution for some benevolent enterprise which he mentally evolved for the occasion, but in reality to judge whether the brothers were really so much alike that there was reasonable expectation that they might be mistaken one for the other."

"Well, he met with extraordinary success; double—may, triple—success. Your father, he found, was a generous man, and, pardon me, more than a little foolish. He subscribed 5 rubles toward Andre's fund (we will call him Andre for convenience), which 5 rubles Andre found very useful."

"Secondly, Andre saw at a glance that Andre and his brother were quite exceptionally and marvellously alike and might easily be mistaken the one for the other. That this is some knowledge better than yourself, for in this fact you are indebted for the pleasure of Andre's presence under your roof."

"Go on!" I said. Even now I could not for the life of me foresee what was coming."

"Thirdly, Andre, while waiting in the great hall down stairs—a splendid hall, by the way; but is it not cold in winter? A space of that size would, I should say—"

"Go on!" I cried, stamping my foot. I could have twisted the little rascal's head off, but for the frenzied desire I now felt to hear the end of his tale."

"Well, thirdly, then, Andre had the pleasure of seeing another gentleman besides the count, an Englishman named Herbert, or Hubert, and of hearing the end of your father's conversation with him, which fell in marvellously well with Andre's plans. The two gentlemen were, in fact, arranging for a shooting party at a place called Erinfoka, and fixed upon the days and hours for their sport in Andre's presence. Then our friend laid his plans, which were made very easy for him by his visit to the count and what he had learned there."

"Do you follow me now? Have you mastered the plot of my tale? Need I go on?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABDUCTION OF THE COUNT.

"I think I begin to understand the detestable plot a little," I said. "My father fell I suppose, into the hands of the previous villains who are your accomplices. What have they done with him? For by all that's sure—"

"Not so fast! I am no accomplice, so far as you can prove. May not a man discover a plot without being set down at once as an accomplice? I am coming to your father's fate."

"For," I repeated, springing to my feet and seizing the little rascal by the shoulders and shaking him as a cat would a mouse, "see here, you vile little wretch, if you dare to tell me that these people have injured a hair of my father's head I swear to you that no promise or anything else shall save you and your abominable friends!"

"Do be a reasonable creature and allow me to finish my story," said my companion, twisting himself out of my clutches. "I did not say your father was injured, did I? If he was injured, it was not, at any rate, by our people. Will you allow me to go on in peace or not? I will not be hustled; remember that. You are stronger than I, but I have a will which is perhaps more than equal to your own. You cannot compel me to speak. There is much more to tell, but I will not tell it unless you promise to behave like a gentleman."

"Go on, then," I said, "but if I find you have lied, and your friends have done father any injury, heaven help you, for I think I should kill you!"

"Hah! I am not afraid. You are not the kind to kill a fellow creature, especially one who is trying his best to do you a very great service. Besides, I might not be so easily killed. Killing is a game of which it is necessary to understand the elements. There is science in it. Maybe I have thought over such matters more than you have, and understand more thoroughly the tricks of the trade."

"You are welcome to your knowledge," I said. "For all I know you may be a murderer already, but it is certain that I will thrash you within an inch of your life in certain events. Therefore be careful how you tell your story."

"Hah!" said the student, who assuredly was no coward, though he was the most conceited and detestable little rascal I should say."

"I should say, that ever breathed God's air. 'Hah! I shall tell the tale as I think best. If you do not like my manner of telling it, that is your misfortune, but not my fault. Well, then, Andre's plan was this: Arrangements were made to seize your father at Erinfoka, on the river or at the lodge or wherever it should prove to be most practicable. From there he should be brought by road to the house of—it does not matter whose house—and there he should be shut up. Then some one, one of the circle of friends, should go with a tale to the police announcing that by means of accidentally overhearing a conversation he had become aware of the hiding place of one upon whom he believed the police desired to lay their hands. The police would then send and arrest your father, believing him to be Andre, and Andre himself would quietly depart for England, dressed on grand seigneur, and, last, there's the end!"

"I see," I gasped. "And did this all happen, then, as arranged? Father was captured, as I believe, at Erinfoka. What happened then? Tell me the truth."

"Why should I lie? The count was brought to St. Petersburg by road, as per programme. He was dressed in a suit of Andre's clothes and looked, I am told, marvellously like Andre—indeed the police had no doubt whatever that he was that very individual. They tagged him neatly, and I have no doubt that they are still firmly under the impression that they have in their clutches somewhere Andre, or Kornilof, as they call him, and no other."

"As for the real Andre, you know all about his doings. He went to London like a miller, and like a miller he returned. He fell on his feet and still stands upright. Who knows it better than yourself?"

"Stop, you infernal little rascal!" I cried, stamping my foot with rage.

"What of my father? I have heard enough of your detestable Andre. Tell me of my father. Where is he? What have they done with him?"

"Ah, you must ask the police that question," said the student. "Probably he is at Sakhalin or in that choice neighborhood. He was taken out of our—out of Andre's friends'—hands, you see. I cannot be supposed to be in the confidence of the third section, which is the section of police spies. Can I, now? Be reasonable!"

"I suppose not," I groaned. "But, great heavens, what are we to do? How are we to get at the authorities? Will they believe us?"

"Ah, that is a very delicate question! I should say they will not, but it is worth trying."

"What will Andre's attitude be, supposing we go to the police and explain that, though passing as the count, my father, this man is not my father, but an impostor?"

"My dear sir, do I know the mind of Andre? Though acquainted with him, as you are aware, I cannot therefore state what he would do under any given circumstances. But I will say this—that probably our good friend has not neglected to prepare himself for such an emergency. He must know that at any time you might for reasons of your own disown him and declare that, though you have pretended that he is Count Landrinof, he is in effect nothing of the kind, but Mr. Kornilof, the escaped convict. He will probably say that you are mad, and that your mother, the countess, is no less, or that the countess has reasons for cherishing animosity against him, and that you are with her—being a mother's child—to rid her in this crude way of a husband of whom she has grown tired."

"Such a ridiculous cock and bull story would never take in the police!" I cried scornfully.

"My dear sir," said the student blandly, "you are forgetting one thing and that is that the police will be preju-

iced in favor of Mr. Andre, or father of the count, as they suppose him."

"Why?" I said angrily. "You are talking nonsense, my friend."

"Nonsense or wisdom, it is nevertheless true. See here, now. The police have committed one of the stupidest blunders that ever effete officialdom performed, and that is saying much. They have sent the wrong man to Siberia and left a dangerous revolutionist at large. Do you suppose, as a reasonable, reasoning creature, that they will be so very ready to admit their error at your bidding and on so flimsy a story as this you will bring them in support of your assertion? They will laugh in your face and say that you are a mad schoolboy and had better go back to your English school or to the English asylum you have escaped from. Even if they believe your tale—which, of course, they may do, though they will pretend they do not—they will still laugh in your face and refuse to move in the matter."

"Do you seriously mean that they will refuse to set right this fearful blunder that they themselves have committed?" I said. "You are saying all this, as Andre's friend, in the hope that I will allow matters to remain as they are. You wish to screen Andre, and my father's fate is nothing to you. But do not make that mistake, my friend. I shall move heaven and earth. I shall spend thousands of pounds. I shall never rest night and day until I have compelled the authorities to rectify their sinful blunder."

"[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUESTIONS

FOR

WORKINGMEN.

Will You Answer Each One Fairly to Yourself and to the Principles You Represent.

Do you use tobacco?

What brand of plug have you in your pocket?

Is it made by a Trust?

Will you take the trouble to find out? If you find it is made by a trust will you buy it?

Will you be consistent?

Will you help destroy a trust?

If you find the tobacco you are using is made by a trust will you buy one of the following brands of plug tobacco in place of what you are now using? Will you paste this list in your hat and tell your friends about it? Gold Rope, Kingbolt, Rise and Shine and Thrasher.

All of the above brands are made by Union Labor in a Union shop at Union prices, by the Wilson McCally Tobacco Co., of Middletown, Ohio.

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CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's

Bits of Local Gossip

Beers & Co. lead them all.
P. P. Stoltzman was in Chicago last week.

See the new dry goods just unpacked at Fenelon's.

Such weather for the last of November is unequalled.

Miss Whiting spent Sunday at home with her parents.

For men's underwear we can please you. Cash Dept. Store.

Rubber foot wear for young and old in all sizes at Fenelon's.

Christmas goods in full bloom at the Cash Department Store.

W. L. Beers was a visitor at Lac du Flambeau last Saturday.

Buy your underwear at Fenelon's before the assortment is broken.

Miss Abbie Smith, teacher at Woodboro, spent Sunday at home.

Nie, Sherfinski is acting as teller for Shannon & Nelson this week.

D. E. Green, postmaster at Monico, was in the city Saturday on business.

Alderman Fred. Anderle is sojourning in the southern part of the Badger state.

The Soo yards are taking on an air that the city of Rhinelander can be proud of.

Mrs. Geo. Taggart and Miss Annie Pickett visited Woodboro friends, Saturday.

More hunters and less deer were the reports from nearly everybody this season.

The money we save you would soon start a bank account. Cash Dept. Store.

Rhinelanders merchants report the best business they ever had since the city started.

Fishers knitting yarns are leaders. Fenelon has a good assortment of colors and grades.

Judge S. H. Alban and daughter Helen are visiting friends and viewing sights in the Windy City.

Mrs. Taylor Alexander, of Wausau, will visit friends in Rhinelander during Thanksgiving week.

Mrs. L. R. Wesner has been entertaining her father from Wabash, Indiana for the past week.

Monday closed the deer season, so look out. Call it mountain goat if you have it on the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Browne spent the latter part of last week in the Cream and Windy cities.

Julius Follsted and family left Tuesday morning for Elcho, where they will spend the winter.

Stop growing about your money going so fast and buy here, where it will last a long time. Cash Dept. Store.

Free—Subscriptions to the Gentlewoman for three months with every pair of Henderson corsets. Cash Dept. Store.

Wm. Shannon, of the grocery firm of Shannon & Nelson, was confined to his room by illness the first part of the week.

John Gebhardt, of Wausau, has accepted a position in Harrigan's store, and intends remaining here permanently.

J. A. Cushman is at Eagle River this week where he is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Todd. He will return Friday.

N. A. Colman, a well known legal light, of Eagle River, was in the city the latter part of last week on professional business.

Frank Breyette returned Friday evening from a trip to Hurley and Ironwood, where he was handling orders for cigars.

The city schools will commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, December 14th in an appropriate manner.

Don't take too much stock in the statement that "so-and-so" leads them all." Try C. Fredrickson when in need of gent's furnishings, etc.

The members of the Ladies' auxiliary of the Knights of the Macabees were treated to a venison supper last Wednesday by the Knights.

Curley Phelps, head sawyer for the Flambeau Lumber company, at Lac du Flambeau, was in the city the latter part of last week on business.

B. F. Jilison, the popular landlord of the Hotel Northern, at Monico, greeted his many Rhinelander friends one day the latter part of last week.

STRAVER—Black and white cow from premises of John Proctor. Missed since last Friday. Had been been dehorned. Leave word at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Slossen spent Saturday and Sunday in Minneapolis and Saturday afternoon witnessed the Minnesota-Wisconsin football game.

August Toolburg, an engineer in the Keystone saw mill at Ashland, visited friends here on Sunday. He left for Hazelhurst Monday to spend a few days.

Mrs. Millie Smith returned last Saturday evening from Black River Falls after a six weeks' visit, the guest of her parents.

Frank Hodge is at home again, after spending the summer at Monico, Mich. He was connected with the Foster Lumber company while there.

W. P. Thatcher and Frank Doucette have formed a partnership and will lay in about 2,000,000 feet of logs up near Rhinelander. Misses Ipp Valley Lumberman.

Little Harry Flynn is confined to the house with la grippe.

Rev. G. H. Kemp returned to Madison Friday night.

Attorney Jones, of Wausau, was a visitor in the city last Friday.

Dr. T. B. McIndoe left yesterday morning for Wausau where he will transact business for a day or two.

Mrs. Charles Chafee and daughter Mabel leave Friday morning for Ashland to spend several days with relatives and friends.

Mrs. A. Schliesman has been suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia for the past week and is still confined to the house.

Mrs. Carrie L. Adams returned Friday afternoon from Grand Rapids, Wis., where she had been the guest of her parents for three weeks.

John Monahan, a well known Oshkosh logger, was in the city last Friday en route to Star Lake, where he will log during the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Miller, of Wausau, were called to this city to attend the funeral of Mr. Miller's mother, which occurred last Friday afternoon.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held in the Baptist church, Thursday, Nov. 20 at 10:00 a. m. Rev. A. J. Damon will preach the sermon. All are invited.

Miss Mable Keeble left Tuesday for Antigo, Appleton, Seymour and Shawano, where she will spend two or three weeks visiting with friends and relatives.

Mrs. T. B. McIndoe gave a dinner party from 6 to 7 at her pleasant home Tuesday evening to a small party of friends. The occasion was a most enjoyable one.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Bardeen, of Madison, were called to this city last week by the illness of Mrs. Bardeen's mother, who passed from earth the day after their arrival.

Hunting deer during the open season, which came to an end last Monday, thank goodness, was far more dangerous than war. That's why so many of us kept out of the woods.

Rhinelanders has more fur coats, sealskin sacques and pianos than any city of its size in the northwest. Couldn't help but think of it when the cold spell brought out the coats.

Mrs. Lee Tickner was in the city yesterday making arrangements to have the Tickner household goods shipped to Rhinelander, where Mr. and Mrs. Tickner will reside.—Wausau Record.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says: "My wife had piles forty years. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases. J. J. Reardon.

Thos. Jones and "Curly" Butterfield left Tuesday night for Eagle River where they will equip the new residence of Art. Matthews with plumbing. The contract for the work is held by James Bros.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thos. H. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infalible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. J. J. Reardon.

Pillsbury's Best flour is the leading flour of the world, not only in the amount used but in the quality of the flour. The price is no higher than you have to pay for other flour. Leave your order for a sack at Fenelon's.

The football game at Prentice last Saturday afternoon between the Rhinelander and Prentice High school teams, resulted in a victory for our team by a score of 25 to 0. A return game will be played next Saturday.

The Modern Woodmen of Lac du Flambeau have issued invitations for a party and oyster supper to be given at their hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 25. We bespeak a pleasant evening for those who are fortunate enough to attend.

Dr. H. H. Haden, Summit, Ala., says: "I think Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a splendid medicine. I prescribe it, and my confidence in it grows with continued use." It digests what you eat and quickly cures dyspepsia and indigestion. J. J. Reardon.

Rev. S. A. Sheard, of Brandon, formerly pastor of the M. E. church in this city, and Rev. Lean, of Waukesha, departed for their respective homes last Thursday, after enjoying a two weeks' hunting trip in this vicinity. They were successful to the extent of one deer each.

La grippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. J. J. Reardon.

The New North is in receipt of a highly interesting letter from Wilbur Quick, which we are unable to publish as "quick" as we would like to. It is dated Gungah, Luzon, Philippine Islands, and is an excellent narrative description of that far away country. Mr. Quick is well known in Rhinelander and has a legion of friends who will be pleased to read of his experience in his Uncle Sam's service.

J. Morrow, the gentleman who carries the mail on the Star route between this city and Robbins, met with a most peculiar accident Tuesday morning before day light, in which one of his ribs was fractured and he was otherwise injured. While driving along with a pair of mules, a deer crossed the road. The long eared animal became frightened and shied, throwing Mr. Morrow out of the wagon, rendering injuries above stated. The wagon was also somewhat injured.

The Pabst saloon, building on Brown street, formerly occupied by John Needum, is being remodelled into interior this week by a force of men under Contractor Geo. W. Beers and will be reopened for the sale of wet goods about Dec. 1. It will be conducted by Andrew McFee.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. J. J. Reardon.

Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y., says: "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. J. J. Reardon.

Mrs. Della Cox, national lecturer and organizer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will speak in the Congregational church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, also in the Baptist church in the evening at a union meeting. No admission will be charged—simply a free-will collection.

You never know what form of Mould poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Biscuits and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. J. J. Reardon.

Wm. Dunwoodie, who is employed in the yards of Salsich & Wilson at Star Lake, stopped off here last week while on his return home from Wausau, where he had been on business. While here he consulted with Dr. A. D. Daniels regarding his health, which had not been the best of late.

Mrs. Kate Didier purchased the Mrs. Van State residence on Oneida avenue, last Thursday, the consideration of sale being \$2400. Mrs. Didier will occupy her new home as soon as it is vacated by the present occupants, Mr. and Mrs. George Clayton.

J. D. Bridges, Editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H., says: "One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. It prevents consumption. J. J. Reardon.

On the 17th inst, Circuit Judge Silverthorne, of Wausau, appointed City Clerk W. W. Carr, court commissioner for Oneida county. This gives Mr. Carr the distinction of being the only county court commissioner, the others having resigned when the anti-pool law went into effect last May.

F. S. Garland, of Tomahawk, was in the city a couple of days the latter part of last week on business connected with the new Echo Lake Lumber company, of Mercer. Mr. Garland is connected with the firm, which was recently incorporated, having purchased all the holdings in Iron and Vilas counties of E. & H. Staples. The company will start its mill about the first of January and run day and night.

W. B. LaSalle and N. D. Baldwin returned last Thursday from Tomahawk Lake, where they put in several days hunting deer. They enjoyed first-class luck, each bringing down one of the antlered tribe. The two deer were shot within ten minutes of each other. Mr. LaSalle killing the first one, a big buck with a single shot which took effect just behind the shoulder, death ensuing almost immediately, the jagged vein having been severed by the bullet.

Dave Walker, F. E. Parker, Harry Ashton, and Sam Conroy were among the delegation from Rhinelander, who routed for Wisconsin at the Minnesota-Wisconsin football game at Minneapolis last Saturday and felt jubilant over the victory for the cardinal. They were a trifle disappointed in the result of the morning, game between the Madison and Minneapolis Highs, which resulted in a victory for the latter, much to the surprise of Madison boys and their admirers.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it. Of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

Cows For Sale.

I have sixteen head of Jersey cattle which I will sell cheap to dispose of them, having undertaken a logging job this winter which will require all my time. Call early and make selection. BARNES MORAY.

Usual morning service at 10:30. The pastor will speak on some phases of the temperance question. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6:30. There will be no evening service on account of the union temperance meeting in the Baptist church.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Denbison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Ghalid. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

BRUSOE'S BARGAIN Department

INCREASING TRADE DEMANDS MORE ROOM. WE HAD TO EN

—OUR NEW DEPARTMENT—
THAT wonderful Basement Store is almost ready; the cashiers are putting the last touches to it and Tuesday inclusively for the season's Holiday business, with the line of Holiday Goods at our own Special Holiday Price to please—a toy and gift-goods room unequalled any ty, convenience and attractiveness of display. It's we are cordially invited to visit this department, especial day. You will not be importuned to buy—that isn't yourself to home and take all the time you wish to land—this brilliantly lighted underground complete a room 18x66 feet in size—that's no small affair—at very newest and the most wanted Holiday merchandise later. Come and see it Tuesday.

A LARGE ENROLLMENT.

Eighty-eight Students Now Attending the Local High School—May Require Another Assistant.

The total enrollment in the High school is now eighty-eight and a number of the classes are so large that it has been found necessary to divide them into two sections. This makes twenty-three daily recitations, requiring the teachers to teach every hour of the day. Prof. Hyer has been compelled to give up supervision for the present and devote his whole time to teaching. He meets the teachers of the different grades at least once a month and thus keeps in touch with the work as a whole. If the High school grows as it promises to, it will be necessary to provide another assistant next year. While our corps of teachers is a strong one, it is necessary that the principal should have time to work with the teachers and help them to keep together in their work in order to get the best results from school work.

GIVEN TWO LIVELY BURS.

Fire Department called out Friday by Burning Chimneys.

The fire bidders were given two lively runs last Friday in answer to calls occasioned by burning chimneys which blazed threateningly from the residence of E. A. Tobey, in the Sixth ward, and the building occupied by Axel Lindgren at the corner of Stevens and King streets. Both blazes were subdued on short notice by the boys, who lost no time getting action with the little chemical cylinders.

A NEW MILL FOR THREE LAKES.

Being Erected by the New Woodruff & Maguire Lumber Co.

The Woodruff & Maguire Lumber Company, articles of incorporation for which were filed recently with the Secretary of State, are having rushed to completion a new mill at Three Lakes, on the site of the old Lier mill, the site having recently been purchased for a consideration of \$5000. The new plant will be of the single band type with the possible addition of a resaw. Its capacity will be about 50,000 feet a day, the output of lumber being mostly mixed. John Daily, a millwright of Antigo, has the contract for the erection of the new mill, the foundation for which is already completed. The new plant will be ready for business by next spring. The machinery will be placed in position this winter.

The new company is officered as follows: President, John Daily; vice president, Geo. W. Maguire; secretary, Adam G. Cook; treasurer, Chas. S. LaForge.

Annual Report

Of the Oneida County Agricultural Society, organized at Rhinelander, on the 15th day of June, 1885, under the provisions of Section 142 of the Revised Statutes for the year 1897.

The said Agricultural Society, in accordance with the provisions of Section 142 of the Wisconsin Statutes of 1885, makes the following condensed report of its principal acts and doings for the year 1897, to wit:

Said Society held an Annual Fair at Rhinelander, in the county of Oneida, on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th days of September, 1897, at which there were 887 entries. The entire Receipts and Disbursements of the Society for the year have been as follows:

RECEIPTS.	AMOUNT.
From the State since last report—	\$1,000.00
From membership—	157.00
From admission fees—	82.25
From entries—	217.55
From subscriptions—	101.62
From other sources—	621.12
Total Receipts—	\$2,579.52
Cash on hand at date of last report—	46.97
Total—	\$2,626.49

DISBURSEMENTS.

RECEIPTS.	AMOUNT.
Total Disbursements (not including expenses)—	\$1,575.25
For trials and Exhibitions of speed—	124.12
For Fair Expenses—	25.00
For improvement—	255.21
For other purposes—	574.65
Total Disbursements—	\$2,554.23
Cash on hand at date of this report—	22.25
Total—	\$2,576.48

W. C. OGDEN, Secretary.

Are the Seasons Changing?

Isaac Stephenson, of Marinette, says: "Winters in this country are



Ayer's Pills

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or black? Use the BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 letters.

The genuine name W. L. Douglas is stamped on bottom. Take no substitutes claimed to be good. Your dealer should have a receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

HEUMATISM?

CHAS. E. CRUICKSHANK

Read About "5 Drops" Without Taking Them!

have wasted precious time and suffered enough! If you are promptly and permanently cured of "5 Drops" is a speedy and Sure Cure for Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Catarrh of the Bladder, Kidney Diseases, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomach Troubles, and all the above named diseases, than any other medicine. "5 Drops" has cured more cases of Rheumatism in the world, than any other medicine, and it is the cheapest, for it costs only 50 cents a bottle, and it is so easy to take, that it is a sure cure for all the above named diseases. For next thirty days, 100-104 E. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

providing for a needed change in the construction of the approaches leading to the High street viaduct.

Under the provisions of the resolution, new stone walls, three feet wide at the bottom and two at the top, will be constructed. Instead of the present wall which would not "answer the purpose." The new wall will conform with the grade of the street, as specified in the plan. It will be built of good rubble stone laid in Milwaukee cement and pointed up on one side and covered with coping of Kaukauna line stone. Before the adoption of the resolution, after its reading, a silence broke the spell and for five minutes the drop of a pin could have been distinctly heard. Mayor Brennan, becoming a trifle impatient in waiting for a motion, said: "2 motion to adjourn would be in order." This brought the members of the august body out of their apathy, and all were on their feet. It is useless to say that the resolution was unanimously adopted.

TO HOLD A TEACHERS' MEETING.

Teachers will gather at the High School Building Saturday, Nov. 23.

A teachers' meeting will be held at the High School in this city Saturday, November 23, 1897. Following is the program:

9:00 o'clock Roll Call.

9:15 o'clock Announcements.

9:30 o'clock "Introduction" to Charles "How to Teach Reading,"—F. C. Hyer.

9:45 o'clock "The School as it is in the School,"—(Howland),—Mrs. Hamilton.

10:00 o'clock "Thought Culture,"—(Harker),—Miss Holberry.

10:15 o'clock "The Culture of Emotions,"—(Harker),—Miss Church.

10:30 o'clock "Lesson Plan,"—Lena Johnson—F. S. Hyer.

10:45 o'clock Book Reviews,—Mrs. Deane, Miss Kabet.

11:00 o'clock Sing.

The brightest line of Holiday goods ever brought to Rhinelander is being received daily and will be opened up for the inspection of the public soon. Never before has as complete a line of children's toys been received. Gifts for the older ones will also be shown in profusion. Watch for the opening announcements. F. E. HERN & Co.

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